

THE QUIVER

Saturday, December 1, 1866.



(Drawn by W. SMALL.)

"Turning into the high road, he met a phaeton."— p. 162.

"ONLY A CLERK."—I.

BY I. D. FENTON.

SOME years have passed away since the suspension of the Western Bank spread ruin and consternation over the north of England and Scotland. Men who went to bed apparently

wealthy rose up beggars; old and infirm men and women, whose lives had been passed in hard work, and who, by the very strength of life, had gathered a small independence, were suddenly

deprived of the fruit of their labour, and left to seek an asylum in the workhouse. High and low, old and young, went down in the same boat, many to pass away for ever, some (and of these our hero was one) to rise again, nerved by adversity, and ready for the battle of life.

Hector Felton, as heir to a large estate, had been educated at Eton and Cambridge, at both of which places he had been a favourite; and when, at twenty-three, he came home to take his place at his father's right hand, there could have been few lives that offered a brighter future: and yet, six months afterwards, he left the old house an orphan and penniless.

Colonel Felton, already old, and further aged by hard service during the Peninsular campaign, never rallied from the shock. Hector found him lying insensible, and almost lifeless, in his writing-room, the fatal telegram clasped in his hand. Paralysis had struck him, and death followed quickly. And when the old man's body was laid in the family vault, beside that of his young wife, the Felton estate was in the market.

Hector, who had heard much and seen something of the way in which the world meets poverty, was determined not to put his friends to the test. He placed everything he possessed in the hands of his father's friend and adviser, Mr. Dunbar, who entered fully into his plan—namely, to drop his own name, and, by virtue of an introduction to a merchant in Bristol, begin a new life.

"It will be hard up-hill work at first, my dear boy, and sorely against the grain," said Mr. Dunbar: "but, after all, you will only be working for yourself instead of others; for you are not one of those good Dr. Tillotson calls 'fools at large.' You were not the man to be idle, even with the five thousand at your back. You'll find old Graem a just and kindly man; he's one of as good a stock as your own; but his friends turned their backs upon him when he took to trade, now they'd be glad to make it up with the millionaire. I haven't seen him these twenty years, but men of his sterling stamp never change hearts. I've told him truly enough that you are the son of a dear friend, whose all had gone in that dreadful bank, and I've given him as your name—Henry Fletcher."

"There's no danger, then, of my being found out," said Hector, sadly. "When can I start?"

"To-morrow. The sooner you are away from this atmosphere of trouble, and sad memories, the better. Go up and have a look at the old place. I won't sit up for you, but will see you in the morning."

As Hector walked across the fields, to take this last look, he received the first stab, the first token, the fear of which was driving him forth. Turning into the high road, he met a phaeton, driven by

Mrs. Winchurch. Beside her sat her daughter, Nora, with whom Hector had been very nearly to fancying himself in love. Nor had the mother been wanting in her endeavours to settle the question. Now, however, the affair took a different light, and she was congratulating herself that there had been nothing formal said. She saw Hector, stopped the ponies, and nodded, "How do you do, Mr. Felton? We heard you had gone abroad, and Nora and I were calling you very unkind not to come and say good-bye."

Hector's face grew pale. The something almost patronising in the lady's tone had become unmistakable as she went on—

"We shall be in Germany in autumn. Be sure and find us out if you are near us. Oh, those ponies! they won't stand! Good-bye, Mr. Felton, au revoir"—and Hector was left standing by the gate, with a smile upon his lips. Suddenly he broke into a bitter laugh, but in the very midst there rose a sob, and the tears that came were perhaps the most painful a man can shed. Tears shed over a shattered idol—a broken faith in what had seemed pure and beautiful. He had fancied he loved Nora; and, most likely, had things gone on as heretofore, would have proposed. The first thing that roused him now was a sense of gratitude for his escape.

The following day Hector was in Bristol, and had presented his letter of introduction. Mr. Graem was a fine-looking, though somewhat stern-featured, man. He read the letter twice through before vouchsafing a word to Hector. Then he looked up into the open, handsome face, his own relaxing as he gazed.

"You have seen the black side of fortune, sir, and want to work your way to the bright again. How do your relations like the idea of trade?"

"I have none whose opinion I need ask, sir," replied Hector, inwardly chafing at the tone of the speaker, "even had I any right to remain idle."

"But there's the army—the navy. Well, you're too old for that; but the public offices?"

"I have no interest, sir; and if I had, I would not ask it. I want to make my way."

The merchant smiled. "Ah! now the murder's out; that's why Billy Dunbar sent you to me. Well, he's not far wrong; the best adviser is one that has had to rough it himself. You know my history, of course; Billy told you that."

"Yes, sir."

"And you want to emulate it. Well, there's no cause why you should not exceed me. You say you've no friends who go against this wish of yours. There you have the advantage of me; I had to break the nearest and dearest ties, when I chose to be a man and not a beggar. I like the determination with which you speak, Mr. Fletcher."

I like the character Dunbar gives of you. And Providence is kind even at starting, for I have a vacant clerkship at this moment. The salary is £100 per annum. Can you live upon that?"

Hector bowed; he could not have spoken. The questioning and manner of the old man was growing intolerable. It was his first lesson in servitude, and was rather a sharp one.

"Well, sir, we'll consider it settled. The porter will tell you about a decent and cheap quarter to find lodgings in; and I shall expect to see you to-morrow at ten o'clock. Good day to you. If you write to Dunbar, tell him I am much obliged to him for sending you to me. Good day."

And Hector got out of the room. "I am thankful," he thought, "that's over. He's a fine-looking old fellow, my master. Master! how queer it sounds. I'll have to keep saying to myself, 'Only a clerk,' in case I get into a scrape; and now for the porter, and a cheap lodging. Thank you, Mr. Graem, I see I shall not forget that I am a poor man when near you."

The porter, being an observant man, had taken toll of Hector's appearance as he went in.

"You'll like to be out Clifton way, sir," he said, in answer to the inquiry about lodgings.

"Yes, I dare say; is it cheap?"

"Why, no, sir; there's a many cheaper; but the swells goes out that way."

"But, my good friend, I am not a 'swell.' I am only a clerk in your master's office."

The porter stared.

"Indeed, sir! then, sir, my wife takes lodgers, and has a snug pair of rooms. It's not such a nice part of the town as it might be, but it's respectable and clean. Any one will direct you; and say I sent you, sir."

"Poor fellow," thought he, looking after Hector, "he's bin a swell. He's too humble for to be anything but a gentleman. There's no mistaking good blood—not with my experience, at least. I wonder what it's bin that's banished him from his ancestral 'alls."

His meditations were interrupted by Mr. Graem. "Well, John, did you find lodgings for my new clerk?"

"Yes, sir; leastwise, I sent him to my good missis, who, if she cannot suit him, will direct him."

"All right; he'll be here at work to-morrow."

Hector found the lodgings easily enough, and made no objection to anything. Indeed, as Mrs. Clare remarked to her husband when he came home, "You might easily see he weren't used to such, for he never asked a question, except how much the rent was."

And so Hector settled down to his work and his lodgings as best he could. It was up-hill work at first, and bookkeeping was irksome; besides, the hand he wrote was scarcely adapted for a ledger.

So, true to the code laid down for himself when he first put his shoulder to the wheel, he worked himself up in what he had lacked, determined, with the help of God, to do his full duty to his new master. This ruffled Mrs. Clare, who liked early hours, and had a morbid dread of fire. She was sure Hector was getting into bad habits, late hours being, in her estimation, synonymous with such; but John took a different view of this night-work, and seized an opportunity of letting Mr. Graem know.

"So you think well of him, John," said the master, looking pleased.

"I do, sir."

"Well, so do I."

"Thank you, sir," said John, taking it as a compliment to his own judgment.

Next day, Hector found a note inviting him to dine with Mr. Graem. For a while he was dubious as to whether he ought to accept or not. He had heard that Mr. Graem had a daughter, and visited a great deal, and Hector rather feared the influence society might have. He had put his hand to the plough, and as long as he was driving all went well; but what if he went to the borders of the forbidden land? could he help looking back? and yet, why should he fear that the Giver of strength should withhold the strength he needed?

So Hector went to dine at Clarence Crescent, and sat next Effie Graem at dinner.

Effie was very pretty, thoroughly accomplished, and had seen enough of society to give her confidence in herself. Those who envied her said she was conceited and frivolous; but Effie was neither. Like all girls of her age, she admired, and wished to be surrounded by things pleasant to the sight. Her education had taught her that Nature's handiwork is the perfection of harmony, and that the perfection of man's skill is to imitate the beauty of Nature as nearly as possible. Native good taste enabled her to distinguish what was true from the spurious; so Effie looked as pretty in a print as in the most expensive dress in her wardrobe. Those who did not see as Effie saw called her extravagant.

About a week after the dinner party, Mr. Graem sent for Hector. "I have some family papers I want copied, Mr. Fletcher; will you do so? Mr. Clarges has recommended you; but, as it will entail working in my house instead of here, perhaps you would rather not undertake it."

But Hector was glad of any legitimate means of breaking the routine of office work; and he thought, "I'll see that pretty little daughter of the house," sprang into his mind. From which it will be judged that Miss Effie's amiability upon the occasion of the first dinner had not been thrown away.

How Effie herself felt upon the subject, her faith-

ful old nurse, Nancy, only knew, who, when she heard of his perfections, followed by the lamentation, "It's such a pity he is not a gentleman!" checked her tongue, and said, "Hoot, hoot, lassie! if he does the master's work it's nothing to you or me what he is." Nevertheless, Nancy took an opportunity of going into the drawing-room the very next time Hector came, and Nancy's private opinion, after what she called "a good look at him," was in favour of his being a gentleman.

The library in Clarence Crescent was one of the nicest rooms in the house. It had a French window, opening on a pretty, well-stocked garden, where Effie took the especial management. Close beside the window was the garden entrance to the conservatory. There, likewise, Effie was presiding Flora. Nor was it only in the garden and amongst her flowers that Hector saw her flitting about. Effie was fond of reading, and would come in with a demure, humble little face, apologising for interrupting Mr. Fletcher, "but all the books were kept in the library." The search for the very book she wanted often took up a considerable time, and Hector could not be expected to sit at his work while a young lady was fluttering about from book-case to bookcase. So it came that Hector's arm was required to lift down volume after volume, and Hector's opinion was asked as to whether the works were nice or not. And gradually poor Hector began to count this part of his labour the pleasantest in the world. Effie was not blind: she saw just enough of what Hector felt to open her eyes to her own feelings; but, as Effie had never been in love before, she fancied that she need never let Hector know anything about it, and gratify herself by seeing him as much as possible while he was there. The copying would soon be over, and, then, so would her happiness; but that was only natural. Effie's life had been so cloudless that her definition of unhappiness was a very vague one.

Sometimes Mr. Graem, coming home from the office earlier than usual, would find Hector hard at work, and make him stay dinner; then the twilight would be spent among Effie's flowers, and Effie herself would sing her best songs, thinking all the time, "Poor fellow! it will be something for him to remember when we part, as of course we must do." Sometimes, too, she took compassion upon what she thought must be his ignorance of musical matters, and explained some classical composition, or translated some song. But one day, going rather early for a book, Effie heard him singing, and recognised an Italian song she had sung the night before.

"What a good voice and ear he has," thought Effie, standing with the handle of the door in her fingers, irresolute whether to stop his song, or listen. Suddenly she heard that he was singing the words, and her cheeks grew pale, for she knew then that he had known the song before. It was not only that *she* had sung it; perhaps he had only admired it last night for the sake of past associations. Effie did not go into the library; she walked very softly across the hall and into the conservatory, where she sat down beside her birds, and began humming the sweet air; but soon she stopped, and the tears came rolling down her flushed cheeks.

Mr. Graem made Hector stay to dine that day; and Hector, going up to the drawing-room in the twilight, found Effie alone, with red eyes and most dejected air, which, however, he had very small opportunity to remark, as Effie, turning her back to what light there was, began talking very fast about some concert that she had been at the night before, breaking off, in the middle of a description of the principal singers, to run away and dress for dinner, leaving Hector pained and perplexed. What had Effie to cry for? and why should she talk so fast about a concert?

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE MORNING LAND.

(The Germans call the East "The Morning Land.")

CLOUDS that turned all to gold,
Meadows that waved with flowers;
Such, in the days of old,
I saw in my childhood's hours.
Brightly the glittering streams
Sped o'er the golden sand;
Would they come back, those dreams
Of childhood's Morning Land?

Loving the faces there,
Sweet every sight and sound,
Balmy the morning air
Blew over the sunny ground.

All faded when spring went by,
And I grew old and poor;
Then came the rainy day,
And the wolf was at the door.

It was like the Arab's wealth,
That turned to withered leaves.
Where are joy, hope, and health,
In these cold win't'ry eves?
How bright that stream, long since,
Rolled over the golden sand!
Would that the dreams came back
Of childhood's Morning Land!

W. THORNBURY.

THOUGHTS ON SILENT SUBMISSION UNDER AFFLICTION.—II.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

BY waiting in silent submission we learn the meaning of God's visitations. There is a purpose for which his afflictive dealings are sent, just as medicine is administered to counteract the evils of some specific disease. It is well, then, "in all times of our tribulation," to inquire—Lord, what is it in me that thou art set upon correcting? Is there some secret sin, undiscovered and unmortified? Is some earthly thing immoderately encroaching upon the affections which are sacred to thee alone—

"Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?"

Are past mercies unthankfully received? Or, is this event to rouse my languid soul to fresh energy—to discover my low standard of mind, and will, and life, and draw me nearer to thee? Is it sent to warn me against some formidable danger, or to brace my soul anew for some coming duty? Is it to kill latent evils—to rid the heart of some weeds and roots of bitterness that waste my strength and leave me barren and unprofitable? Is it to extract the core of some deep-seated propensity of pride, or self, or worldliness, that inflames and weakens my soul—or is it sent to lay me low before the Lord in penitent self-abasement, and to keep me there? Or, is it meant as the last and final process of the Great Refiner—to burn and purge away what dross remains—to burnish his workmanship to a brighter polish—to purify the gold to a higher standard—to give his last skilful touch to the great work, on which so many years of costly labour have been spent, before it is exhibited in the palace of the Great King, to the praise of the glory of his grace? Why is it sent?

Marvellous are the methods which God employs in his treatment of his people. Sometimes, strange transitions, as from fire to water (Ps. lxxvi. 12), and from arid deserts to stormy seas; at other times, combinations still stranger are appointed: crosses mixed with comforts, joys blended with sorrow, days of gladness ending in nights of weeping, the bitter intermingled with the sweet; hope in sorrow, like flowers blooming around the grave; comfort in desolation, as trees that find nourishment in the fissures of a cleft rock; mercies in strange forms; tokens of kindness when we feared only neglect; silver linings to dark clouds; doors of hope opened in the dreary wilderness—such are mysteries which enrich the marvellous pages of God's paternal dealings, though few have the skill or mind to interpret them. But "whoso is wise will consider these

things," in the spirit of meek and reverential silence, "and he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

This silent submission is itself a method of communion with the Lord. The heart breathing after God has other ways of expressing its desires than by words. Bitten by the fiery serpent, the Israelite turned to the upraised figure of brass, and silently fixed his confiding gaze on that healing emblem, when health again glowed in his veins. Commanded by Peter and John to look upon them, the cripple at the temple gate fastened his eyes in silent expectation, and felt his feet and ankle-bones regain their perfect strength. Upraising his eyes to heaven in imploring importunity, Stephen uttered no words. His communion with God was a silent glance, shot up to heaven in a crisis of perilous necessity, and met by an instantaneous response. "I see Jesus standing at the right hand of God." It was enough. That silent look conveyed Stephen's wants, and brought back the grace to help. Just as now, people in distant continents hold communication in silence—for no sound is heard along that strange Atlantic wire—just so is the communication between the Lord in heaven and his people still on earth—sure, but silent and instantaneous—no errors, or delay, or costly demands in transmission there. A look, a glance in time of need cast upward, a sigh, a tear, a heart silently waiting, is marked in yonder heaven, and brings down the blessing. Man often knows not how to interpret these imperfect signs; but the Father of mercies understands them all; the moving lip, the upraised hand, the imploring look—nay, the motionless silence of his waiting people—faint, and weary, and longing, all are intelligible signs to him. Very needful it is to raise the voice in prayer, to "fill the mouth with arguments," and thus to "take with you words," and join with others in "common supplication," for thus ever—

"The saints in heaven appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind;
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find."

But there are times of urgent need when words are impossible, and it is unspeakably comforting to know then that they are not essential:—

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

A look thus cast heavenward in silence, but with strong faith, is itself the most significant appeal, and obtains an infallible response in supplies of mercy, and grace to help in time of need.

There is a time to be born, and, as we know too well, *there is a time to die*; but for those who are born again in the Spirit, and made heirs of that heavenly country, there is no more death. "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Planted in that paradise, they will never be plucked up, but flourish age after age in immortal luxuriance. Life without suffering, health without disease, ever-advancing duration without the inroads of decay, joys unalloyed by trouble, and blessedness with no fear of change, or loss, or end—such is the "perfect consummation and bliss, both of body and soul," to which

God's faithful people are all rapidly hastening. In that world there will be no time to weep; for the "days of their mourning are ended." Bonds of endearment once cemented in that happy home will never be broken. One with Christ here, in the fellowship of faith and love, they will never part from each other, nor can they ever be separated from the Lord.

"No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that happy shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?"

IN DUBLIN.



CERTAIN Tuesday morning in last autumn found me safely arrived in Dublin, having journeyed by the mail-train from London all the preceding night, which is perhaps the very best travelling in England. As we entered Dublin Bay that morning it was beautifully fine, the noble bay looking ready to compete for sublimity and beauty with any bay of which Europe can boast; but ere we reached Dublin, that peculiar hazy kind of rain which in Dublin they call drizzle, had begun to fall, and so, especially as the hour of arrival was very early, Dublin looked anything but attractive as we rattled across town, over the macadamised Sackville Street up to our destination at its northern side. I had been in Dublin before. I had seen the old University, which a hundred illustrious names, like Burke, and Goldsmith, and Swift, and Plunket, and Usher, and Buxton, and Grattan, and Shiel, and Cairns, and a host of others, have rendered historic. I had visited the Phoenix Park where periodical displays of soldiery excite martial ambition in the heart of the loyal, and strike terror into the bosom of the disaffected. I had been on Stephen's Green, where early of a morning I had seen, more than once, a tall black form disporting himself with teaching a favourite dog to "fetch," and knew that tall man to be no less than Richard Whately, D.D., logician, author, Archbishop and prelate of the order of St. Patrick. I had been, too, in the halls of the Bank of Ireland—once the Irish Parliament House, where the splendid eloquence of Grattan and the fierce invectives of Flood had once been heard; and where a certain Colonel Wellesley had sat as member for an Irish county, who afterwards rose to the high dignity of Duke of Wellington, but where now only bank clerks congregate, and "Saxon gold" chinks. I had

also been more than once to the Castle, centre of feminine aspirations and hopes; and the Four Courts, centre of youthful barristerial ambition; so that, in fine, none of the "sights" of Dublin were exactly new to me. But, shortly before my visit, I had read, in the *Times*, a letter on missionary work amongst the Roman Catholics of Ireland, which bore the signature of "Richard C., Dublin," which, awakening my sympathy and curiosity, I determined, during my short visit to Dublin, to see for myself a little of what was being done. The good and learned Dr. Trench—whom every one knew as Dean of Westminster before he was made Archbishop of Dublin—had been delighted with what he saw of the operations of the Church Missions to Roman Catholics, and so I thought that a visit to the scenes of these labours might relieve the monotony of a week in Dublin, at a time of year when all Dublin society had wandered to the wilds of Scotland, or the varied charms of watering-places.

I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the Rev. H. C. Cory, the missionary secretary of this good work. To him I am indebted, for his great kindness and courtesy in putting me into the way of seeing everything I wanted with the greatest facility.

My first visit was to the day-schools of the Irish Church Missions. We dive through some filthy narrow streets to reach our destination, past a great big dark ugly brick building, the Theatre Royal of Dublin, where once Sheridan, whose son became famous in English history, acted, and where now the "great unwashed" throng around the entrances to see the "sodgers," when the Lord Lieutenant goes there in state; along a few more filthy streets, where decaying vegetables, and other offal in the centre of the roadway, tell of defective sanitary arrangements and hovering

cholera; and at last we are at the Mission School—a plain, substantial building, with the windows protected by wire-work against the stones which the mischievous rising population “shie” at the glass. In the school we find girls of various ages, divided into classes, poor children all of them, most of them the children of Roman Catholic parents. Every face lighting up with genuine delight when Mr. Cory enters the room, tells what kind of hold it is that he and the teachers have upon the pupils. I observed this in every school we visited. The hearts of those in authority and of the children were united. We examined the children in Scripture, in geography, and in arithmetic. ‘Examined’ is a very cold word to express what really took place. The children entered into the conversation as eagerly as if it was their play. Their eyes—bright black eyes, for the most part such as one sees only in Spain or in Ireland—twinkled with delight as they saw us trying to “puzzle out” the answer to a mental arithmetic question which some little girl of fifteen had solved almost as soon as the question had left our lips. In Scripture they were thoroughly acquainted with the Bible—not merely with the controversial, but with all parts of it. And as we left the school—noting one bright happy girl of about seventeen near the door, with a baby in her arms, which she had to mind for her mother, and brought with her rather than miss school for even a day—we thought what heaven for good these children must be, going forth amid their Roman Catholic friends and neighbours, thoroughly versed in Scripture, well educated in secular matters too, and ever ready to quote a text, with chapter and verse, against any heresy of Roman teaching. In the boys’ school we held a similar examination. Not to go over the same ground again, I shall only say that, in secular matters, these children were far better trained than any village school I have ever known of in England, and their knowledge of Scripture was perfectly astonishing. I asked one little fellow, how it was that the Irish people loved the Pope, while the Italians, his own countrymen, disliked him. “I suppose, sir,” said the little fellow, “it’s because the Italians are near enough to know what he’s really like.” When we remember that these little ones are being brought up good loyal subjects of the English crown, instead of being trained up to curse “the Protestant Saxon Queen,” we feel a great good is being done, politically and socially, by the Irish Church Missions. I also visited, on Sunday, the mission church. Here the service of the United Church was performed by a clergyman from Cambridge, who, like myself, was visiting the scenes of missionary labour in Ireland, and relieved Mr. Cory, at his request, of this portion of the Sunday duty. Mr. Cory preached the sermon; an occa-

sional allusion to Romish doctrine, such as one might hear in any pulpit, alone distinguished it from an ordinary sermon, save as a fluent delivery, an earnest manner, and a clear exposition of the Gospel, are exceptional.

We next paid a visit to the “Birds’ Nest,” near Kingstown, where some 200 little ones—boys and girls—are safely housed, and clothed, and fed, and taught—most of the children belong to that orphaned class, one, at least, of whose parents is dead, and the surviving one a Roman Catholic. Lastly, we spent an evening at one of the “Discussion Classes,” where many Roman Catholics listened attentively and eagerly to some excellent Scripture-readers, as one of them expressed it to me afterwards, “taking priestly absolution to pieces.” Ten minutes is the time allowed for each speaker, and the chairman keeps them rigidly to the allotted space. I asked one good-humoured champion of the Protestant side how it was that the Protestant speakers oftener tried to exceed the time than the Romanists, who usually did not occupy quite the whole ten minutes, —“Well, you see,” said he, with native humour, “it’s easy enough for them; they’ve so little to say for their side of the matter; but there’s such a power to be said on our side that I could go on myself for a whole hour.” By holding these classes, presided over sometimes by the excellent missionary manager, the Rev. Mr. M’Carthy, and sometimes by Mr. Cory, in the poorest parts of Dublin, called “the Liberty,” the very heart of the Roman Catholic population is reached.

I have said something of the teaching given to Roman Catholics in the mission schools. Let me just give one specimen of the morality taught children in the Romish schools in Dublin. I picked up a little book, price one penny, endorsed with the approval and signature of “Paul Cullen, Archbishop”—now Cardinal Cullen. The work is entitled—“What every Christian must know.” Of course, an abundance of false doctrine on religious questions is taught in it—we expected that; but we scarcely did expect to find instruction of this kind, concerning the command, “Thou shalt not steal.”—

When materials are given for some work—for example, cloth to tailors—it is a sin to keep pieces which remain, except people are quite sure it is not against the will of the employer, or there is a common custom of doing it, and it is necessary to gain a reasonable profit. It is a sin to mix something with what you sell: for example, water with any liquor, except there is a common custom of doing it, and it is necessary in order to gain reasonable profit.

Now, as there happens to be a very “common custom” indeed of mixing water with certain liquor, as the wretched milk sold in towns abundantly testifies, Dr. Cullen teaches that this adulte-

ration is perfectly justifiable. Of course the seller is, in every case, the judge of what is "reasonable profit," to obtain which he is quite at liberty, according to Dr. Cullen's teaching, to retain pieces of cloth, &c., or to adulterate food. In fact, such teaching amounts to this: it is no harm to be dishonest, if it is only in a customary way, and it is found necessary to get good profits!

As we sailed back one stormy night to Holyhead,

we thanked God that the Protestant public of England supported (though there is much and urgent need of still more efforts) a society to counteract such teaching as Rome gives our fellow-subjects in Ireland. The society does a great and good work away in the far west of Connaught, where churches have been built, and schools kept up, as well as in the heart of the Irish metropolis.

T. T. S.

AN AUTUMN HOMILY.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH, AUTHOR OF "A LIFE DRAMA," "DREAMTHORP," ETC. ETC.



HAT there is an analogy between the life of a man and the seasons of the year—that man has his spring, summer, autumn, and winter, and that the one flows into the other imperceptibly, just as the year has its seasons that succeed each other by gradations too exquisite for observation—is perhaps the most venerable of human discoveries. Isaac could hardly help thinking about it when meditating in the fields at eventide: it is as old as the Book of Job and the "Iliad;" and if you take up the last published volume of poems, you are almost certain to find some trace of it.

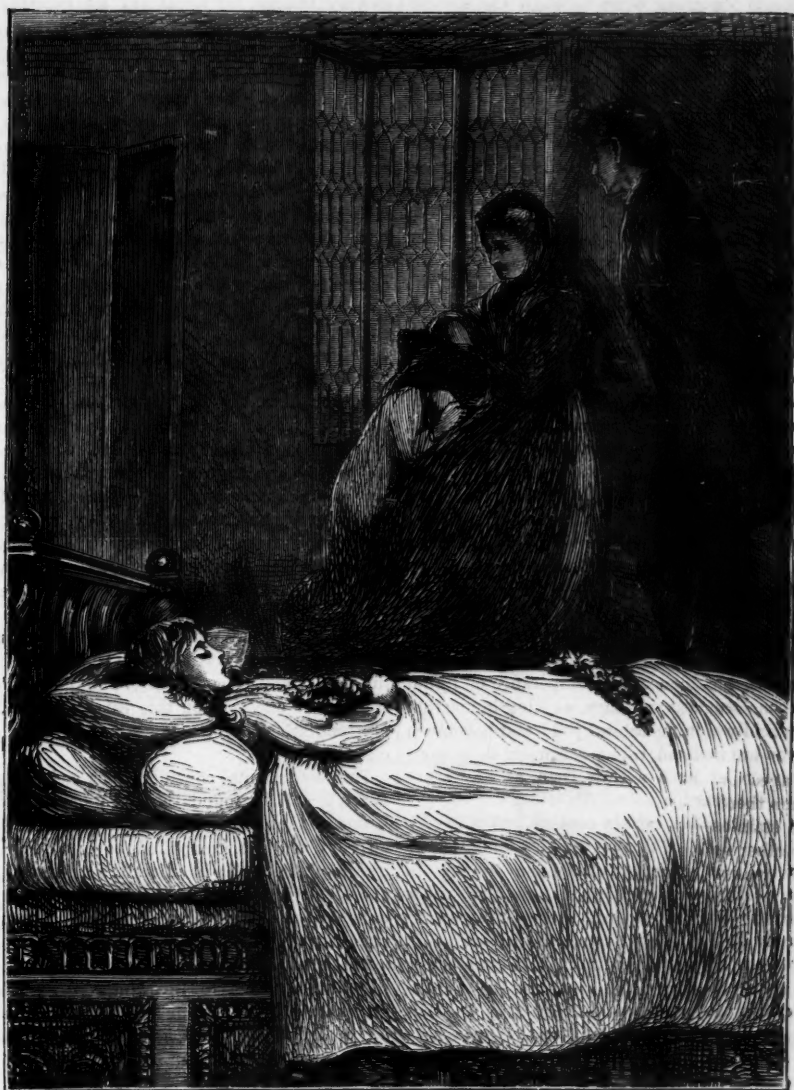
The analogy is so true that it has not become trite after the usage and fingerings of more than 3,000 years. It is a thought familiar alike to the builder of the Pyramids and to the builder of the Houses of Parliament. And this is not at all to be wondered at, for autumnal images—in these October days they are around every one—do, in the most singular manner, reflect the life of men who have aged, or who are beginning to age. In a fine autumn there is a meek contentedness of sunshine, and a stainlessness of atmosphere, which we find at no other season; and in a happy age there is a settled repose of habit, an inclination to rest and be thankful, a mental vision unobscured and undistorted by passion. In autumn the fields are bare, and the grain is stored up in barns—in age a man has done his work, and all that remains with him is the result of that work. Autumn is the season of vintages, and the oozings of cider-presses; and in the meditateness and retrospection of age you find something analogous. Age, by quiet thinking, extracts the sweet juices from the raw materials of life; and this spiritual wine, when of good quality, is more cheering and consoling than any other. It is always home made, too, and its maker is personally responsible for its flavour. In autumn the roadways rustle with yellow tree leaves, caravans of birds take exercise in the sky preparatory to a flight to another latitude: and in one of the late mornings of the

season, when you look out, the crest of the distant hill has whitened during the night; and in age, the pathways of the spirit rustle drearily with dead hopes and decayed ambitions, the delights of youth and manhood are preparing to depart, and through many an ache and ail, through blanching of the hair, dimming of the eye, stopping of the ear, you are reminded that another season—the last of all—is coming, and at hand.

"Four seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the life of man,"

was an idea familiar to the old Orientals who built Babel, on the plains of Shinar, as it was to the English poet of half a century ago. And autumn, when the leaf fades and the fig ripens, is perhaps the season of the year which reflects most faithfully its corresponding season of human life, when action departs and fruitful meditation comes, if it comes at all.

If you walk out into the country in autumn, you are at once surrounded by images of exquisite repose. The fields, which were a few weeks before filled with reapers, are swept and bare; and the large, comfortable-looking grain-stacks surround the farmhouses, high enough almost to hide the chimneys. The earth is at rest after her travail of growth and ripening. The autumn skies are the softest of all—pale blue, barred with peaceful strips of horizontal cloud, or of a misty, pearly grey, which gives you the idea of infinite rest and satisfaction. And then, in the autumn season, the world is a feast of colours in which there is no garishness. There is around you the "universal tinge of sober gold," which Keats speaks about. The beech is russet, the elm yellow, the mountain-ash on fire with her clusters of scarlet berries, the ferns have rusted like old iron—everywhere there is a glory of colour, but with an indescribable sadness asleep at the heart of the glory. Next to the heightened glow of trees and hedges, the thing that is most likely to strike the autumn wanderer is the unusual quietude. If the season is splendid, it is silent. Agricultural operations are for the time suspended, and there are fewer people



(Drawn by M. E. EDWARDS.)

"Then the soft blue eyes were shrouded, and the sweet white brow grew cold."—p. 171.

—at all events, there *seem* to be fewer people—on the roads than at other times. The dry gutters are filled with yellow leaves; and as you walk along, a red frond of the horse-chestnut which skirts the path comes wavering down through the stirless air to join its fellows. Then you miss the voices of birds; the thrush and blackbirds have long been silent, you hear the lark only at intervals, singing like something out of place. The red-breast perched on the topmost sprig of the yellowing beech, and pouring out notes which speak of the rain-drop and the falling leaf, is the only songster which October or November knows, or much cares to know. You walk over leaves, with leaves falling down upon you, and when you return you see the early amber sunset burning over the top of the distant wood—a compact black bank against the light—and in the sunset the restless rooks wheeling as silent as gnats, and almost as minute. They have been foraging far and near during the day, and are about to settle down for the night. And the autumn evenings, how beautiful they are! Not an April night, when the woods are swiftly and silently greening, and the nightingale is in full voice, the crescent moon and stars listening to her; not a clear, high-arched July night, after evening showers, when hay odours are rising from a thousand fields, are comparable for a moment with these balmy, yellow, large-mooned September and October ones. What a cone of radiance the coming orb sends before her, above the low line of hill with its tufted trees! How large her disc when she appears on a sudden! what shadows she throws! what affluence, yet temperance of light! what a consciousness you have, walking home, that she is placidly shining behind you! and how much more you are inclined to be sentimental in your conversation at such a time than at any other season of the year!

Most people affect certain seasons, and it is odd, at the first flash of it, that youth should prefer autumn to spring, and middle age spring to autumn. Hard-headed persons despise these sentimental preferences, but there is reason in them notwithstanding. The truth is, spring is the *alter ego* of youth; autumn the *alter ego* of middle age; and the young man and the middle-aged man seeks relief from themselves in contrast. The young fellow of twenty, in whose breast hope is singing as cheerfully as a thrush from a sunny tree-top, whose nature is yet in leaf and bud, whose life is merely promise and a dim reaching after the unknown—what does he care for the budding and leafing spring-time, for the season of unfulfilment? The young man who has April and the singing of birds in his heart may be excused if he does not care much for April and the singing of birds out of doors. October's gorgeous view appeals to his imagina-

tion far more powerfully than the tender grace of the earlier season. The waning of autumn is a foil to his own exuberant happiness, and brings it into keener relief. He can afford to revel in gloomy images, for he is yet far removed from what they symbolise. Uncertainty, mutability, death even, are only the dim backgrounds against which his own future, and the face of his sweet-heart, shine out the fairer. He is spring-time, and autumn is but a picture which pleases by its melancholy and its novelty. In like manner, the middle-aged man prefers spring, because it is so far removed from him, and he can look back upon it through the wistfulness of reminiscence. In his heart the leaves have fallen in the rain; and in the rain and fallen leaves out of doors he cannot escape from himself. He prefers the primrose to the hollyhock, not from considerations of form or colour, but simply because the primrose is associated with youth, with the happy budding time, "with the days which are no more," or which exist for him only in recollection. The song of the redbreast on the yellowing beech is the echo of his own spirit, and to the melancholy cadence he prefers the note of the vernal thrush from the emerald-twinkling tree. The reason of these sentimental preferences is, that young and old seek relief from themselves. The young man looks forward to what the years will give, the old man looks back to what the years have taken away. Grey hairs are never so reverent as in the eyes of noble youths who are eager to run their career; and it is only age that recognises the full beauty and gracefulness of childhood. Perhaps the purest affection on this earth is the affection of grandfathers and grandmothers for their grandchildren.

But, sentimental considerations and preferences apart, it will be found that to most men autumn is one of the *pleasantest seasons*. In the lives of all who are not compelled to earn their living by the practice of a handicraft, a summer holiday, shorter or longer, makes an annual hiatus in the monotonous round of occupation; and to these persons, autumn is the season when they get again into harness. And, perhaps, the next pleasantest thing to throwing off the shackles of business, and getting away to the mountains for a holiday, is the getting back from the holiday, and the resumption of business. Out of nothing in this world does a man extract so much happiness as out of his work. The manufacturer, the artist, the lawyer, the literary man, the clergyman, the physician, have all been running about seeking health and recreation, and by the close of autumn, if not earlier, they have returned, and are busy in the pursuit of their several avocations. Nothing wearies so much as pleasure-seeking; and the classes of men which I

have mentioned are very glad when holiday season is over, and they can relapse into their former selves. And the animal spirits of most healthy men are higher during autumn than during any other season of the year. In our sophisticated existence we learn to take a peculiar delight in artificial comforts—in fire-light, gas-light, the long-lighted evenings which are entirely one's own, when the parlour or study shutters are shut. The first time a man dines at his own table by gas-light is exhilarating, like a glass of champagne. The man has the long winter before him: he thinks he will be able to accomplish so much before summer comes round again; and being strengthened by the sea-breeze, or the bracing air of the hill-side, he exults in the work before him like a runner preparing to run a race.

But to go back once more to the analogy which exists between the seasons and human life. A fine October is, perhaps, the most perfectly delightful month in the entire circle of the year. During no other month have we the same calmness of pensive air, the same exquisiteness of coloured repose. It is a windless month, the most silent of all months, a month of well-earned rest after toil; and the October of life very frequently bears the same contentful character. We do wrong in our crude, giddy suppositions that age must necessarily be associated with misery, and pain, and unsatisfied longing. It is often much more happy than the previous youth and manhood. Just as there are some faces that are never so beautiful as in wrinkles and silver

hairs, so there are some natures that never become perfectly happy till they grow old. To these the fairies did not bring presents when they lay in their cradles; more fortunate, the years are the fairies that bring them gifts as they sit in their arm-chairs by the chimney nook, with grandchildren around their knees. These old men and women are full of charity, of tenderness, of love; they are waited upon by pleasant memories; their souls are filled by the odours of good actions as of withered rose-leaves. They have had their life's harvest home, and their barns are full. They have outlived action, and the need for action; and with a fair past spread before them, pleasant to look upon, they sit at the door of heaven waiting till the Master shall be pleased to send his messenger Death to bid them enter. And to them Death comes gently—gently, often as his brother Sleep—for he venerates the venerable.

There is only one difference between the fine October of the year and the happy October of life, and in the difference the moral of this homily lies. A fine month of October may come, so far as we can see, almost by chance; it may succeed a wintry, blustering spring, and an unfruitful summer, and smile blandly over scanty sheaves. But the happy October of life of which I have been speaking cannot do this; it is a link in a chain; its beauty, its contentment, its patient trustful repose, are the strict result of the foregone spring and summer. "Men do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles."

THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

(Inscribed, by permission, to Charles Dickens, Esq.)

SHE spoke of music in the air, of music passing sweet,
Perhaps the escort-spirits moved their bright harmonious feet;

Or else the golden harps of heaven beguiled her with their play,
That unwary the angel hands might steal her soul away.

Anon she slept; but, waking soon, would kiss us each again,

While a whisper lingered round the lip that faintly moved in vain;

And by the beating of our hearts, that were so still before,

We knew the pretty, weary face would glad our hearth no more.

Then the soft blue eyes were shrouded, and the sweet white brow grew cold,

But the sunlight faded not away from the young hairs' rippling gold;

And the little mouth seemed ready still, to draw another breath,
Though the singing lips were silent in the pallid halls of death.

Her gentle playmates brought in flowers, pale flowers that suited best,

We all remembered how in life she wore them on her breast,

So there we placed them, and we crossed the small thin hands above,

And wept to see them lie so quiet on the flowers they used to love.

But now, when trail the twilight shades athwart the evening sky,

And the last ray of sunset rests on the village spire to die,

We think of that glorious life of hers, in the radiant land of day,

And bless the Power that wisely drew her stainless soul away.

A. W. HUME BUTLER.

DEEPPDALE VICARAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARK WARREN."

CHAPTER XXX.

PHIL'S TREASURES.

LADY LANDON drove home from her visit to Clara Melrose in the best possible spirits. Nothing, for many a day, had given her such unfeigned delight as the prospect before her. After so many disappointments, was she not going to succeed at last—that is, if the matter were managed dexterously?

Experience, though dearly bought, is in some instances worth its value. It was so in the case of the countess. Her experience was very abundant, as far as the long line of Phil's preceptors was concerned; therefore, she knew exactly what to do.

It had been arranged that, on the following morning, his lordship was to be inveigled to the cottage of the widow.

At the appointed time, the countess, dissembling her purpose, slipped into the hothouse, and with her own hands gathered a bouquet of flowers. This bouquet she placed in a pretty little wicker basket, and then rang the bell of the breakfast-room, which apartment she was, at that moment, inhabiting.

"Send his lordship to me," said she to the footman.

In due time his lordship came. "Phil," said the countess, artfully, "I want you to do an errand for me."

"Yes, mamma."

"You know that pretty cottage, Phil, at the end of the village?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Phil, my dear, a lady is come to live there, and I want to send her a present of flowers."

"Yes, mamma."

"She is a very nice lady, Phil; I think—I hope you will like her," insinuated the countess.

"Yes, mamma."

He had gone to the window, and was leaning half-way out of it.

"The poor lady is a widow, Phil; she has lost her husband," said the countess, in a tone of compassion.

Phil's body was drawn into the room with a sudden jerk. "Is she the lady that cried at the grave?" he asked, in a tone of interest.

"I dare say she is, poor thing; she has plenty to cry for," said the countess, still pityingly.

"I'll go, mamma; give me the basket," said Phil, abruptly.

The countess smiled. "Be sure you say the flowers come from Lady Landon; and be as gentle as you can, with the poor lady."

Phil heard not this last remark; he was clattering noisily along the passage. He did not go down the great staircase, jumping the four last steps, as was

his wont. No; he clattered along the passage till he reached his own room. This private apartment of Phil's was unique in every way. It was a tolerable size, and had once been fitted up with some regard to the comfort of its inmate; but Phil's habits being of an extraordinary nature, it had been found impossible to meet the difficulties of the case. Consequently the room was abandoned to its fate. Every imaginable litter lay scattered about; and a rabbit-hutch in one corner, and a box of ferrets in the other, gave it pretty much the air of a menagerie.

Phil shut the door and bolted it. Next, he set down the basket of flowers, which he had been handling with unwonted tenderness, and pulled open the drawer of a cabinet, which said cabinet was stuffed, to repletion, with a heterogeneous mass of contents. The drawer being somewhat unmanageable, Phil took it out, and placing it on the floor, proceeded to search for something. That something was found at last. Phil, diving in every direction, drew up a handful of sovereigns, which he laid upon the table in a heap. Searching further, he brought up another handful, which also went upon the table. Next, he produced a small wooden box, some few inches in length; and into this, with wonderful patience, he proceeded to pack his sovereigns, determined to make them fit neatly and compactly. He was very quiet during this employment; and the rabbits in their hutch sat looking at him—their ears pricked up in astonishment. When he had finished, he stepped hastily to the basket of flowers. Woe betide him had the countess set eyes on him that minute! To see her beautiful nosegay in the hands of Phil would have well-nigh sent her distracted. Happily, there were no witnesses to the outrage. Nor was it an outrage either. He lifted up the bouquet so carefully that not a petal was ruffled. Then placing the box at the bottom of the basket, he put back the flowers, exactly in the same position as before. At this juncture, in order to relieve his feelings, so long repressed, he gave a shrill whistle, and turned three times head over heels. This done, he clapped on his cap, took up the basket, and clattering down-stairs, set off for the cottage of Clara Melrose.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

SIMON CROSSKEYS, after his discomfiture by the countess, remained in the fields the greater part of the day. This circumstance might have been supposed to give some uneasiness to his wife. And so it would have done, had not feminine curiosity prompted Mrs. Simon Crosskeys to overhear, by stealth, the greater part of the conversation between her husband and his patroness—a conversation which prevented any conjugal anxiety that his change of plans, and

his absence from home might have produced. When the countess strode towards the door, in order to depart, Mrs. Crosskeys, on the opposite side of the same door, beat a hasty retreat. Not for worlds would she have been detected in the act of listening!

The knowledge thus furtively obtained had one immediate effect. While her husband was being reluctantly compelled to eat his own threats—much after the fashion of Pistol and the leek—Mrs. Crosskeys had taken herself clean out of the way. Nor when the dinner, all smoking hot, was set upon the deal table in the kitchen, did she express surprise at the non-appearance of her husband. She knew perfectly well that for to-day, at least, Simon was very likely to go fasting. "He'll be that put about, he'll never come home to his dinner," said she to herself.

When at length Simon did return, which happened about tea-time, his wife was ready to receive him with the utmost complacency. "Happen you didn't get off this morning, Simon," said she.

Simon muttered something, as he hung up his cap in its place by the clock, about the fences in the big dyke close, and how Ben, the farmer's lad, could be trusted to nothing—an observation of which his wife took no immediate notice.

"You'll be hungry, Simon," said she, bringing out a brown crock from the oven, and setting it on the table where it emitted a most savoury smell. "I've kept your dinner hot, as you didn't come."

"Thank ye; yes, I am hungry," said Simon, sitting down to the table.

He looked rather paler than usual, and did not seem quite in his usual spirits—a circumstance, again, which caused no concern whatever to his wife. Nor did she take heed when, now and then, he shook his head, with the air of a man who had something on his mind; or when, once, he struck the haft of his knife on the table with a loud sharp rap, and muttered incoherent words. Mrs. Crosskeys knew, as well as he did, what he was thinking about.

The good woman, being a careful housewife, had her milk to "see to" in the dairy at the back of the house. So having established her husband by the fire, his pipe in his mouth, she left him, as it happened, just in time; for the moment her back was turned, in walked Nathanael Lewin. Simon Crosskeys would not have cared to talk over his defeat before his wife.

Mr. Lewin came in briskly, and with an air of unusual excitement. He was a large, heavy man, with a somewhat dense expression of countenance. Now his face was brightened up amazingly. "Well, Mr. Crosskeys," said he, stretching out his hand to his comrade, "and how has it gone with you?"

Simon Crosskeys, taking his pipe from his mouth, shook hands with Nathanael Lewin. "Glad to see you, Mr. Lewin; sit down a bit, will ye? it's coldish to-night."

"Well?" said Mr. Lewin, sitting down, and fixing his eyes, a trifle less dull than heretofore, upon Simon Crosskeys—"well?"

"Well, the fact is," returned Simon, scratching his

head, and not caring to look his fellow churchwarden in the face, "the fact is *I haven't been*."

"Not been!" echoed Nathanael Lewin, in a tone of grievous disappointment.

"Well, you see, I've been very throng* to day" continued Simon, still scratching his head. "Them fences in the dyke close, I set Ben on to do 'em the other day, but it wasn't a bit of good; unless one sees after everything oneself, one might as well give up the farm."

"But I thought," said Mr. Lewin, still in a tone of regret, "I thought it was a settled thing; I'd have gone myself else, though we're wonderful busy at home—yet I'd have gone."

Simon was not prepared with an immediate answer for this speech.

"Yes, I'd have gone, Mr. Crosskeys," continued he, "sooner"—and he spoke the words with intense bitterness—"sooner than that woman should lord it over us at Deepdale."

"Ah! Mr. Lewin, the women, they will lord it over us somehow," replied Simon Crosskeys, the vision of the Big Countess looming awfully before him.

But the vision of the Big Countess did not loom before Nathanael Lewin. On the contrary, he felt aggrieved at the dilatoriness of his accomplice.

"I'll go to-morrow myself, Mr. Crosskeys," said he, stiffly, and with suppressed anger.

To this observation Mr. Crosskeys made no reply. He was puffing away, his eyes fixed upon the fire.

Now, it was very awkward, for a big, burly fellow like Crosskeys, to confess that he had been beaten by a woman; that just when he had got on his high horse, she had compelled him to get off again. Yet this was the substance of the statement he had to make to his friend.

"She come down," whispered he, having run through a few preliminary remarks, "and she threatened to pick a quarrel with us all round, in case we stirred a step in the matter."

The face of Nathanael Lewin underwent considerable changes as Simon proceeded in his narrative. At first it was sullen and dissatisfied; when the name of the countess was introduced it grew respectful; as, still continuing his recital, Simon alluded to the interference of that august lady, Nathanael laid down his pipe, and fear was now the predominant expression of his naturally dense physiognomy.

The two men looked at each other as two combatants might do, when a third and more powerful combatant has defeated them. To fly in the face of the countess, as Mr. Lewin sagely observed, would be little short of madness. In which remark, Mr. Crosskeys heartily concurred. "She has the whip hand of us, and she knows it," replied he.

Yet to have that woman, as they were accustomed to designate the fair young widow, set over their heads, was more than they could bear. They had so thoroughly branded her with infamy, that she had become a stumbling-block to the whole parish. In

* Busy.

proportion as they revered the memory of their lost vicar, so did they abhor the guilt of the one who had brought down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"It is not to be supposed," said Nathanael Lewin, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "that this sort of thing will last any length of time. Murder will out, Mr. Crosskeys, and so will robbery."

"In course, Mr. Lewin; in course," replied his friend and companion; who did not, as he himself expressed it, see his way clear at present.

"I tell you what, Mr. Crosskeys," said the other briskly; "my plan is, that we take it quiet for a bit. I don't think we can help ourselves. But by-and-by her ladyship will be off to Ireland, her steward told me so, but the other week. Now, when she is gone clean off, then is our time." And he nodded intelligently to Simon Crosskeys.

Simon returned the nod with one of equal intelligence. "When will it be?" asked he, under his breath; for the conference now partook of the nature of a conspiracy.

"Towards the autumn. It's a long time to wait."

"So it is," replied Mr. Crosskeys. The prospect of wickedness triumphing, for the best part of a year, was not pleasant to Mr. Crosskeys.

"As I said before," answered Mr. Lewin, "the moment she's gone clear off the ground, we'll get a warrant, and have her clapped up in prison."

"Yes, yes," said Simon, eagerly.

"And in the meantime, her ladyship can't compel us beyond what we won't do," continued Mr. Lewin, whose construction of the English language was peculiar to himself. "She may keep Mrs. Melrose out of prison, but she can't make a single door, in Deepdale, open to her."

"Except the Manor," observed Simon, ruefully.

"We must put up with that, Mr. Crosskeys, for a bit, as best we can. It strikes me that her ladyship will get tired, of setting the whole village at defiance, before long."

Simon Crosskeys shook his head dubiously. And, just at that moment, having absented herself as long as she thought discreet and fitting, his wife came in from her milkpans and her dairy, which circumstance broke up the conclave.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SOLITARY MOURNER.

THE life of Frank Chauncey, from his childhood upwards, had not been altogether a pleasant one. In his very boyhood had begun that bitter struggle which had lasted ever since. His education he had wrested as it were by force, and in the face of every adverse condition. His daily life had been made unhappy by the heartless selfishness of his father. Self-denial and privation had been his portion. He had, in fact, but one bright spot in connection with his home on which he could dwell,—but one tie which bound him to it—his mother. The circumstances by which

she had been surrounded—her toil, her poverty, her unnumbered heartaches, pressed heavily upon his mind. Still, in her love, her tenderness, her never-failing patience and cheerfulness, he had ever found the elements that constituted the charm and sacredness of home. To that sacredness and charm the worldly Reginald contributed not one tittle.

Frank was well disciplined in the school of sorrow; and as a Christian he was possessed of those hopes and aspirations which lie beyond the grave. Yet when he saw that mother, so beloved, die of her wounds, and before his very eyes, for a season he was overwhelmed. The billows seemed to have gone over his head, and to shut out from his view even the tender mercies of his God.

He could not, for a few moments, believe that she was dead. He had seen her lie thus pale and insensible many a time, and after an interval her eyes had again opened on this weary and troublesome world—to her, alas! a weary world indeed—but now they opened not again. Then came the terrible certainty—a certainty that admitted of no doubt, no ray of hope—the immortal spirit had departed: nothing remained but the deserted tenement of clay.

It is seldom that the bereaved mourner has not one friend to whom he can turn in the first anguish of his grief. Parents and children, sisters and brothers, can at least weep together. But Frank had no loved one near; he was utterly alone. He and his father were the last of their race—a race the sun of whose glory seemed to have long since departed. He had no kinsmen, and but few friends. He who should have closed those dying eyes had been away.

For a day or two, Frank remained in entire seclusion, only quitting his chamber to make the necessary arrangements, or to visit the silent room where lay all that remained of his beloved mother.

At the close of the second day he wrote to Mr. Twist, apprising him of Mrs. Chauncey's decease. His object in doing so was that the sad news might reach the ears of his father. He had a vague hope that his father might, at least, express some grief for the loss of her who had been so loving and so faithful; that even—and here Frank doubted as he hoped—that he might follow her to the grave. It would be some consolation to Frank's wounded, bleeding heart should such a tardy respect be paid to his beloved mother.

That same evening, as Frank was sitting alone by the fire, the lawyer himself made his appearance. He had come to answer Frank's communication in person.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you at a time like this," said he, with more feeling than might have been expected, "but, on my word, I am very grieved to hear it—very grieved indeed."

Frank had risen as the lawyer entered; now, he motioned him to a chair, and then sat down again.

"I had no idea," said Mr. Twist, accepting the proffered seat, and drawing it near to the fire, "not the faintest idea in the world, that such an event was likely to take place."

"Such events do take place," replied Frank, with some bitterness, "when—" Here his voice failed, and he shaded his face with his hand.

"Ah, I know, very sad indeed," said the lawyer, in a tone of compassion. Then, for a few minutes, he looked steadily into the fire. "I thought," resumed he, as Frank made no attempt to speak—"I thought I would step up and offer my condolence; and also, as you are quite alone, if there is any service I could render you, I should be happy to do it."

"Thank you," replied Frank, somewhat touched by a kindness he had not in the least expected.

"The funeral arrangements are perhaps completed?" asked the lawyer, in a hushed and solemn tone.

Frank bowed assent.

"That is well. I should wish, if you have no objection, to follow the poor lady to the grave."

Frank could not for the moment reply; when he did, it was to burst forth by saying, "You are aware that my mother died of a broken heart."

Solomon Twist shook his head. "My dear Mr. Frank, your father is a peculiar person, but he is my client, and I am bound to stand up for him."

"Perhaps," said Frank, taking no notice of this speech, "you will be good enough to make him acquainted with the tidings of my mother's decease; I am, as you are well aware, unable to do so."

Mr. Twist looked puzzled.

"I wish him to know," said Frank, hastily.

"Well, well, we will see about it. You must allow matters to remain in my hands. I am at present acting solely for the benefit of my client."

Frank sighed bitterly.

"If, at any time, you need my assistance, Mr. Frank, I am at your service; your position is not a very favourable one for beginning life."

"Thank you," said Frank, drily, and with some degree of bluntness; "I dare say I shall do."

As regarded his private affairs, he did not feel inclined to make a friend of Solomon Twist. Still, there was a redeeming feature in the case, now that the lawyer had troubled himself to pay a visit of condolence; and, with regard to the funeral, Frank did not attempt to gainsay the fact that, beside himself, and the doctor who had attended the deceased lady, there would not be a single mourner.

The burying-place of the Chaunceys was at a small rural village, almost a hamlet, some few miles distant. Here, in those better days at which we have hinted, the Chaunceys had a family seat, and took a good position in the county; and hither, with pious care, did Frank cause the remains of his beloved mother to be conveyed. On a still, cold afternoon, when the snow-clouds hung in leaden masses overhead, and scarce a leafless twig was stirring, she was laid to rest in the vault of the Chaunceys. By her side was left an empty space for her husband.

When all was over, Frank, bereaved, and as it

seemed to him, doubly an orphan, returned to his desolate home.

And now, these pious rites fulfilled, and the wife of Reginald Chauncey left to sleep in her quiet grave, it behoved Frank to consider seriously what he was to do. But a few days after the funeral, the sale of furniture was to take place; the house would then be re-let, and the home, such as it was, be broken up. There was not, therefore, much time to lose. And here Frank was again somewhat indebted to Mr. Twist; the lawyer took the management of everything into his own hands.

"You need have nothing to do with it," said he to Frank; "your affairs are perfectly distinct from those of your father:" and indeed, they were.

Frank profited by this hint, and resolved, at once, to quit a scene so intolerably painful to him. He only remained in a small lodging, close by, till the sale was over. Some few relics he wished to preserve from the wreck and ruin around him; these he stowed away till better days should come. The scattering of the household gods—the tramp of strangers through the home, once made sacred by the presence of his mother—the rending of every human tie—the utter and hopeless spoliation of his house, was a cup of intolerable bitterness to Frank; so bitter, indeed, that he felt thankful his mother had it not to suffer.

"She is taken," thought Frank, "from the evil to come."

The next day all was over. It did not take long to disperse the little remnant left, of what had once been the possessions of Reginald Chauncey; and then the great desolate house was shut up, and its blank windows stared drearily at the passer-by.

It was time for Frank to depart and seek his fortune elsewhere. He packed up his small possessions, and like a homeless wanderer—for such indeed he was—sought the vast world of London. Desperate as his fortunes were, he could not wholly abandon his favourite scheme. True, he might have obtained another tutorship, through the recommendation of Lady Landon; but he could not bring himself to entertain the idea. He wanted to establish himself—to raise himself out of the gulf, into which the misconduct of another had plunged him; to make a position and a home; to surround himself, in fact, with those comforts and refinements which skill and industry could purchase.

"I can work hard for the present, and live on nothing," thought Frank. He thought thus, in reference to the long-deferred step of taking his diploma. The precariousness and the difficulties in the path of a newly-adopted profession did not discourage him. He had great energy, and would work his way slowly but surely. At any rate, he would make the attempt.

(To be continued.)

MARY'S NEW BONNET-STRINGS.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.



H, mother, mother, we are to have our school treat next week—really next week!" said Mary Lines, bursting into the room where her mother sat at work. "We are going to Lady Hadfield's grounds, and there are to be swings, and a tent, and all sorts of games," and the little girl had to stop and take breath before enumerating all the expected pleasures of the day. "What shall I wear, mother?" was the question that came soon afterwards.

"A clean cotton frock will be best, I think," said Mrs. Lines, quietly.

"A cotton frock!" repeated Mary. "Oh, mother, I couldn't wear a cotton; I must wear my best, and have some new ribbon on my bonnet."

"Nonsense, Mary; what are you thinking about? Your bonnet will do very well as it is," replied her mother.

"But the white ribbons on it are so dirty. I must have new strings, if it is not all new."

"That would make the other part look much worse," said Mrs. Lines. "It will do very well as it is, but new white strings will make the outside appear shabby."

"Then I must have blue ones," said Mary. "I should like blue, and they will match my frock."

"No, Mary, I cannot afford to buy you new strings; and, another thing, it is quite unnecessary."

The little girl pouted, and hung her head. "I wish I could have some new strings," she kept saying to herself. The next day she brought her bonnet down-stairs for her mother to see.

"Now, mother, are not the strings very dirty?" she said.

"Yes, they are soiled—more soiled than I thought they were," said Mrs. Lines; "but still you must make them do, for I cannot buy you new ones before the day of the treat."

Mary slowly carried her bonnet up-stairs, saying, as she put it in the box, "I wish I had some money of my own;" and this wish was repeated at least twenty times in the course of that day and the next.

Two or three days passed, and she was no nearer having her wishes accomplished; but on the day before the treat, as she was walking slowly up the lane from school, she saw something shining in the grass, and stooping down, picked up a new sixpence.

"Now I can have my bonnet-strings!" she exclaimed, joyfully; "this will just buy them!" and, without waiting to consider that the money she had found was not her own, she ran off to the village as fast as she could to buy the ribbon.

It was some time before she could make up her mind whether to have blue or pink, but she at length decided to have blue, and a yard was cut off. She set off home in high glee with her prize, determining to sew them on her bonnet before telling her mother

anything about it; but when she reached the spot where she had found the sixpence, she saw a little girl sitting on the bank crying bitterly. Mary instantly recognised her as one of her schoolfellows.

"Oh, Mary, I've lost a sixpence somewhere about here," cried the little girl. "I wouldn't mind, only I shan't be able to get another for ever so long, and I wanted to buy Tommy Field's rabbit for Walter: now he's so ill, and can't run about, it would have amused him; but now he can't have it," and the tears flowed afresh, as she thought of her brother's disappointment.

"How long is it since you lost it?" asked Mary, anxious if possible to assure herself it was not Bessie's sixpence she had found.

"Not long," answered Bessie. "I thought some of the girls might have found it as they came home from school, but they have not."

"Was it in paper?" asked Mary, turning about the grass to hide the colour that had come into her face.

"No. I had been to the Lodge with some eggs—I'm afraid they'll be the last my black hen will lay this summer—and I'd been counting on buying Walter the rabbit with the money; when I thought as I came along here I'd get him some flowers, and so I put the sixpence in the basket while I picked them; and then, when I'd got them, I put them in too, just as they are now, and forgot all about the sixpence till I was almost home, and then it was gone."

Mary wished she had never seen the money, now she saw the grief the loss of it had caused her little friend. She tried all in her power to comfort the little girl, and Bessie did at length dry her tears, and taking up her tiny basket, again set off home. Unhappy as she felt, she was far less so than Mary. Oh! how miserable she felt, and the sight of the coveted blue ribbon made her more so.

Mary went to the treat, the blue strings on her bonnet. But for her there was no enjoyment that day, and she was glad when evening came, when she determined to tell her mother all that had happened.

"Now, Mary, you must go and tell Bessie," said Mrs. Lines, when she had heard her confession.

"Will you go and ask her to come here, and then cut those hateful strings off my bonnet?" sobbed Mary.

"No, my child; let those strings remind you of the evil of yielding to a too great love of dress."

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

ONE WHO INSULTED DAVID, AND WAS PUT TO DEATH BY SOLOMON.

1. One who had seven sons who practised exorcism.
2. A false prophet.
3. A son of Aaron.
4. Another name for Rephidim.
5. A Jewish scribe.
6. A name signifying laughter.